

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Cuckold

Amber Leigh

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CUCKOLD

Amber Leigh

The LAST
WORD *in*
FETISH



enthusiast

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This book is a work of fiction.
In real life, make sure you practise safe, sane and consensual sex.

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She reached across the table, as though she wanted to touch him as they spoke. He couldn't bring himself to suffer the contact, knowing that her hand had so recently been touching and stroking another man. Desdemona allowed the hand to linger between them, as though she was prepared to wait for him to respond.

'I get satisfaction from other men,' she continued. 'And I've always known you were aroused by the thought of me being unfaithful. If we can combine these two complimentary attitudes, I think this will be the right way forward for us and our marriage.'

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THE UPSKIRT EXHIBITIONIST

Foreword

Cuckolds Lights is a genuine lighthouse in Boothbay Harbour, Southport, Maine. It was named for the similar shape of the coastline to Nelson Dock (which was then known as Cuckold's Point) the largest bend on the Thames, London. Histories relate that King John gave concessions and land around the area on the Thames to compensate a miller whose wife he had seduced after a hunting trip. Horns, the traditional sign of a cuckolded husband, once marked the spot to commemorate this incident.

However, all other characters, locations and creations within this novel are purely fictitious.

Honest.

Amber Leigh 2007



Symbols key



Corporal Punishment



Female Domination



Institution



Medical



Period Setting



Restraint /Bondage



Rubber/Leather



Spanking



Transvestism



Underwear



Uniforms

One

The brass keyring said *WORKAHOLIC* but it wasn't true. Edwin Miller did work hard but only because it was a convenient alternative to thinking. He had developed the habit on the day he got married. He watched Bartholomew Jacob Mathers (Jake, as he preferred) study the brass fob. Edwin said nothing as he tried to guess where this impromptu meeting was headed. Because Jake was the latest fresh-faced graduate to be recruited to the director's board under their nepotism programme, Edwin knew the visit to his office was not just a friendly assignation.

'You do work hard,' Jake said, as though agreeing with the keyring. He toyed with it a moment longer before tossing it back onto the minimalist clutter of Edwin's desk. The fob and keys landed with a heavy clatter. 'I think you work a little too hard.'

Edwin raised a sardonic eyebrow. 'I'll try not to do it again.'

Jake circled his desk. Edwin thought the habit was both annoying and disconcerting. He wondered if this was one of the management techniques they now taught in university. It was easy to imagine some sadistic sociology professor lecturing on the positive benefits of invading an employee's personal space: reminding workers who was really in charge by penetrating their comfort zone. Not bothering to rise to the challenge of this particular mind game, Edwin sat back in his chair and tried not to act defensive. He had already made the decision that he didn't care for Jake.

'Who's this pretty lady?'

Jake held the obligatory framed family photo that belonged on Edwin's desk. It was a three-year-old snapshot dating from their honeymoon. Jake stroked the glass as

though caressing her cheek. To Edwin's eye, the frozen smile on the picture seemed to widen for the graduate. He didn't know if it was the light in the office or a trick of his imagination but he could have sworn his wife's eyes sparkled as Jake held her photograph. He inwardly glowered at her treachery.

'That's my wife.'

'Does she have a name?'

'She has two. Three if you count her maiden name.'

Jake's sharktooth grin faltered. 'And her name is?' he prompted.

'First, last or maiden?'

'First.'

'Desdemona.'

Jake laughed. Because his hands shook, Desdemona's photograph appeared to share his amusement.

Edwin scowled.

'Desdemona is Othello's wife,' Jake began enthusiastically. He spoke as though this was a subject he had been forced to study. He spoke with the enthusiasm of a man who has finally found an outlet for his arduously acquired knowledge. And he spoke with the fatuous assuredness of one arrogant enough to believe he was the only person to ever have read *Othello*. 'Desdemona is the true victim of Iago's diabolical machinations to avenge himself on Shakespeare's tragic hero. Her story is the . . .'

'This is a different Desdemona.'

Jake put the picture back where it had been. Desdemona's gaze followed him as he walked away. As soon as he was out of the range of her picture's vision Edwin watched the perfidious smile return to the same static pose she had assumed for the past three years.

Jake glanced at the framed painting on Edwin's office wall, a picture of Cuckolds Lights, Southport, Maine. He pointed a casual finger in the direction of the painting, looked set to ask about it, and then folded his hands back together. As

though he was trying a different tactic, he asked, 'Does Desdemona work?'

'She's an artist. She works from home.'

'Fascinating. Children?'

'No.'

'I'm interrupting your work, aren't I?'

Edwin thought of saying: *only the important stuff*. He decided he had already been too confrontational and simply nodded.

'Then I'll make this quick and let you get back to what you do best.'

Edwin waited.

'HR tell me you haven't taken a holiday in the past three years.'

'I've been busy.'

'Too busy to take a holiday?'

'It would seem so.'

Jake sighed. 'I want you to take a holiday.'

'That's very thoughtful of you. I'll consider your advice.'

'It's not advice. It's an instruction. My business degree concentrated on health and safety legislature. In my dissertation I argued that leave should be compulsory. Mandatory. I don't believe anyone is capable of working five days a week, every week of the year, and still remain effective. The board agreed with my arguments when I presented them at last month's AGM. Mr Wise concurred that it was only fair. Mr Mathers thought the humanitarian aspect of the idea worked alongside the ethos of caring for . . .'

'You're *forcing* me to take time off work?' Edwin had to make an effort to keep the hostility from his voice. 'You're *forcing* me to take a holiday?'

Jake appeared uncertain. His boyish smile faltered and he flexed it warily. 'You make that sound like it's a bad thing.' He paused, looked as if he was waiting for Edwin to assure him forced leave wasn't being viewed as some innovative

punishment, and then pressed on as the silence between them stretched. 'I discussed your case with the HR director. You've worked for Mathers & Wise for more than eleven years. For the past three you've done ten-hour days, five days a week and then come in for an extra eight hours each Saturday. You come into the office during every bank holiday except Christmas and Easter.' He laughed bitterly and said, 'There are chairs that spend less time in this office than you.'

Edwin maintained a poker face. 'Very well. I'll book a day off.'

Jake shook his head. 'A fortnight.'

'A fortnight!' Edwin couldn't dull the sharp edge of his outrage.

'I'll give you a month to make arrangements.'

'And if I haven't booked a holiday by then?'

Jake considered him coolly. 'Mathers & Wise don't have the legislation to force you to take a holiday if you don't want one. But I've come here to tell you the board are anxious to be seen as caring employers. Annual performance reviews take place next month and your willingness to cooperate with this innovation will be considered during that process.'

Edwin closed his mouth. Inwardly he translated the veiled threat: *take time off or your annual pay rise will suffer*. He glanced at his right hand, surprised that it was aching. His fingers had curled into a fist that was tight and bloodless. The impotence of his position reminded him of sex but he couldn't understand where that association came from. It was only when he returned to that single, hateful word - *impotence* - that he understood.

'A fortnight.'

Jake flashed a smile that Edwin could have punched. 'You never know, Eddie. You might enjoy it. I've told HR to give you priority authorisation on any holiday time you

requisition. In the event of any problems I insist you call me straight away.'

He plucked a business card from his pocket and placed it firmly on Edwin's desk. It was a vellum cream, the details written in an italicised script that looked pretentiously understated. Passing the card made him leer over Desdemona's photograph. His smile broadened as he admired the three-year-old snapshot. Glancing at the picture, Edwin could have sworn Desdemona returned the same lascivious glint.

'That lady must be desperate for a break,' Jake observed. 'Take her somewhere nice. Enjoy yourselves. Live your lives. Even if it's only for a fortnight.'

Edwin said nothing.

Afterwards he thought of a dozen arguments he could have used against Jake. He could have asked if the quality of his work had become an issue; if the board were unhappy with his loyalty; if it was now a Mathers & Wise policy to penalise industry. The weakness of those thirteenth-hour objections left him frustrated and drained and ready to vent his spleen.

He picked up the phone and called Desdemona.

'Hello.'

She sounded breathless. Her greeting was laboured and released on an exhausted sigh. It would be the way she spoke if she had answered the phone while in the middle of sex.

He quietly cursed the anonymity of telephones. In those ridiculous science fiction movies, the ones that Desdemona liked to watch, technology had improved so that telephone calls were replaced by video communications. Rather than having to rely on the pitifully ambiguous sense of hearing, those futuristic communications allowed callers to see each other and get a fuller picture of what was happening on the other end of the line. If Edwin had been able to see his wife he would have a better idea of whether or not she was

panting from having hurried to answer the telephone, or if she was naked, plastered with sweat and semen, and breathless from the exertion of her most recent climax.

'Hi, Des. It's me.'

'Eddie!' She sounded delighted.

He wondered if the emotion was genuine or if she was just a good actress. Desdemona was an artist by profession and he knew she had harboured dreams of an acting career while at school. Surely any decent actress could fake pleasure at receiving a call from her husband, even when it interrupted something more appealing and sexually fulfilling. Before his internal censor could stop the words from coming out he asked, 'What are you doing?'

'Aerobics.' Two heavy sighs. As though she was waiting to see if he had accepted the lie. 'I've just finished the third disc on those exercise DVDs you gave me for Christmas. I ache in places where I didn't even know I had places.'

He processed what she had said. If she had been doing physical exercise it would certainly account for her breathlessness. Similarly, if she'd spent an arduous hour naked and on all-fours, with a well-hung stud pounding between her legs, the explanation that she had been doing aerobics would excuse the exhaustion in her voice. Either scenario could be true. The only person who knew for sure was Desdemona.

'I was just about to climb in the shower,' she added.

Edwin wondered why she said that. Was she scared he might be able to hear from her voice that she was naked? Had she told him about the shower so he didn't suspect anything when he returned home and found the laundry basket contained more soiled clothes than should be expected? Or was she simply sharing a part of her day with him: the way a faithful and loving wife would? He blocked the relentless questions from his mind.

'Are you going into town today?'

'I can do.'

'Anywhere near the travel agents?'

'If you want. Why?'

'Could you pick up a couple of brochures?'

'*Holiday* brochures?'

'Yes. Holiday brochures.'

'Eddie! What's this for?'

'For booking a holiday.'

'Really? Oh-mi-God! *Really?* Which destination? Where should we go, Eddie? Where do *you* want us to go? Which brochures should I get?'

The excitement in her voice was a soothing balm to his blackest fears. Her enthusiasm was childlike and genuine. It was hard to imagine she had really spent her day in the arms of another man; stripping herself naked for him; allowing him to use his tongue on her; taking his erection in her mouth; sliding her small, dovelike hands over his body; parting her thighs and opening her sex for him; groaning as he plunged into her pussy; moaning as he pressed his length into her anus.

'Get a selection of brochures,' he said. 'Pick places that you fancy.'

'I will. I'll do more than that. I'll get a bottle of red and some steak so we can have a special meal when you get home tonight.'

He grunted. 'I might be late this evening.'

Her sigh was suddenly stiff with impatience. In the silence beneath the sound he could hear an undercurrent of antagonism. 'That's nothing new,' she whispered.

She expected him to be late? Did she make plans around his routine? Her husband was out of the house from six-thirty in the morning and didn't usually return home until seven-thirty or later. Aside from her painting, what did she do during those hours? Who called on her? Was she visited by friends? Men? Women? Lovers? Casual fucks?

Desdemona said, 'I'll let you get off now.'

He wondered if she had said those words too quickly. Was there an unseen person in the background at Desdemona's end of the conversation? Had she been interrupted by the caresses of another man urging her back to the bedroom? Was someone fingering her while she spoke on the telephone? As Eddie asked his wife to collect a selection of holiday brochures, had Desdemona been enjoying another man's mouth against the slippery lips of her sex? His stomach hurt as though it had been punched. The erection in his pants was a witless traitor: hard now it was unneeded. Aroused by thoughts of the most despicable flavour.

'You too,' he croaked stiffly, assuming she had said, 'I love you.'

He slammed the phone into its cradle. His chest was tight with anxiety. His head throbbed from the ache of trying to decide whether his wife was as faithful as her outward appearance would suggest or as shameless as the harlot who dwelt in his darkest suspicions. Glancing at the obligatory framed photo on his desk, Edwin studied the innocent smile she had worn for their honeymoon. The sight might have appeased him, if not for the memory of how her picture had responded to Jake. Vowing not to think about it, adamant he wouldn't spend another moment of the day locked in a black fugue of brooding, he turned to the computer on his desk and opened up a pair of spreadsheets.

Some of his afternoon was spent discreetly finding out more about Jake. His full name was Bartholomew Jacob Mathers, son of Bartholomew Isaac Mathers, CEO of Mathers & Wise. With his BA from combined business studies and business management, it was generally believed he deserved his place on the company's board. It was said by one source that he would have been there regardless of his relationship with Bartholomew Isaac Mathers. Edwin treated that sycophantic remark with the contempt it deserved. No one ever reached the board of Mathers & Wise because of their BA or MA. It was only ever because of their DNA. After

one short month with the company, Bartholomew Jacob Mathers, Jake as he preferred, was already proving himself a major source of gossip to the girls on the Mathers & Wise switchboards. Rumour said he'd bedded three secretaries in the first month, one of them married and two of them at the same time. His lechery was scandalous but never reported as though it was offensive. Contrarily, Edwin got the impression that those women who gossiped about Jake's sexploits privately wished they were an active part of the budding legend.

In business matters Jake was alleged to follow the same liberal ethic with which his father ruled Mathers & Wise. A few of Edwin's sources suggested the junior Mathers possessed a determined streak his father lacked. But so few of Edwin's sources had spoken with Jake personally that he could only conclude he was hearing guesstimates and hearsay. Edwin didn't know what he had expected to discover when he started trying to learn more about Jake, and he wasn't sure what to make of the information he had gathered. He supposed he had been worried the forced holiday was a ploy to usurp him from his secure position with the company. But that idea, like so many others that plagued him throughout the day, now seemed fatuous and paranoid.

He delayed the drive home until seven-thirty, completing a pair of projects that had been too complicated for anyone else in the department. Making sure his logout time was properly recorded, and belligerently hoping Bartholomew Jacob Mathers would notice the extra hour he had worked after being advised to do less, Edwin climbed into his car and began the dreaded journey home.

Fluctuating traffic meant the drive to work took an hour or longer on a morning. The homeward journey rarely took half that time but Edwin still preferred the first journey of the day. In the morning there was too much happening on the roads for his thoughts to return, compass-like, to

Desdemona. Crawling learners, truculent truck-drivers, and a gamut of speeding Escorts and Fiestas all combined to keep his concentration on the traffic conditions.

But it was never like that on an evening.

There was too much time for thinking.

For the three years since his wedding he had tried various tricks and ruses to distract himself while driving. But none of them worked. Pop radio played songs about love, sex and funking. Those few lyrics he could understand screamed about promiscuity, sexual satisfaction and tangled relationships. The serenity of the classical music station just allowed his thoughts to drift down their own dark avenues. He had briefly tried listening to snatches of audio books, hoping to lose himself in the narration of an entertaining story. And the first three he had purchased turned out to be tales of betrayal, deception and infidelity.

He snapped her name into his bluetooth headset. When she picked up the phone he said, 'Hi, Des. It's me.'

'You're on your way home?'

He could detect an inflection of anxiety in her voice. Was it going to be a struggle for her to eject the lover currently servicing her needs? Or did she need more time for this one to satisfy the urges he had awoken? Would she crassly ask Edwin to drive around the block before parking in the driveway? Desdemona had never done such a thing before but it wouldn't surprise him if she did make that request. Was he going to see fresh tyre marks on the drive? Would he catch the scent of another man's sweat as he walked inside his home? Would the house reek of her musk and a stranger's ejaculate?

'I'll be back in half an hour.'

'I'll see you then.'

She sounded ready to sever the connection. His heart lurched heavily in his chest. Between his legs his erection throbbed so hard it was momentary agony. Was she really that eager to get rid of him from the phone? And why? Was

there genuinely another man there? Did she want another swift ride on her lover's massive length before her inadequate husband returned and spoiled the evening for her? Or did she simply want to get on with preparing their evening meal for them? If they were going to eat together, he supposed she could be hungry, and anxious to make a start on dinner.

The line went dead before he thought to say anything else.

The remainder of the journey was a torment as he pictured Desdemona frantically rushing around the house, ejecting the muscular stud who had just been fucking her, then hurrying around their home with the vacuum cleaner, an air freshener and a sharp eye for any detail that might have been overlooked. Sweat lay slick on his brow. The erection in his pants remained as hard as the gearstick. His stomach was leaden and his bowels overfull. The urge to find a convenient lay-by, stop the car, climb outside and vomit was overwhelming. Instead, he pressed the accelerator harder, determined to catch her *in flagrante delicto*.

But, when he returned home, the house only smelled of the incense she used to disguise the odour of paint thinners that crept from her studio. And Desdemona was calm and simply pleased to see him. Their meal was delicious: lightly grilled steak, onion rings and a side salad. The bottle of red complemented the dinner perfectly. Desdemona showed him the holiday brochures she had collected, an eclectic selection that covered most parts of the world with the exception of Iraq and the Gobi Desert. Together they decided the language barrier of America would probably present the least number of problems for their holiday. They retired to bed discussing the advantages of one package deal over another, and promising to resolve the final detail of their holiday destination the following evening.

Half an hour later, and unable to sleep, Edwin climbed quietly out of bed and poured himself a scotch from the bottle he kept in a cupboard beside the fridge. He still felt unwell and anxious after a day tortured by thoughts of his wife with other men. As he settled on a high stool at the breakfast bar he cautioned himself to curb the paranoid fantasies before he either spoilt what he and Desdemona had or became seriously ill from the groundless fears of her promiscuity. There was no reason to suspect Desdemona might be untrue. She had never given him any reason to believe she was less than one hundred per cent faithful and he tried to understand where his suspicions came from. He supposed the scotch wasn't going to help coherence in his introspection but, sipping its bittersweet taste, he decided he needed the drink to help him sleep.

They had been married more than three years. Their fourth anniversary would be with them in October. She was twelve years his junior and had been twenty-six on their wedding day. They had met at a Mathers & Wise charity function where she was attending as the friend of a friend. Desdemona had approached him and together they had found each other's company agreeable. A week later they had shared their first date and, two months after, they were seeing each other regularly. It had been an inauspicious beginning but they were comfortable with that. When the subject of marriage was eventually raised, they both agreed it was a good idea.

On Edwin's insistence they saved sex until their wedding night.

There was no more scotch in his glass. He hesitated before pouring another and then did it anyway. The bottle was almost empty.

That first night of making love with Desdemona still remained in his thoughts. Her naked body, so youthful and responsive, had been his to explore. Her breasts were pale, full and tipped with nipples that stood hard in anticipation.

Her sex, concealed beneath a whisper of blonde curls, was virgin territory to him. He kissed her, delighted when she touched his hardness.

And then they explored each other.

Her mouth brushed against his shoulders, chest and stomach. He kissed her face, breasts and thighs. When the intimacy became bolder - her lips on his length and his tongue between her labia - Edwin had thought his arousal would never be more poignant. But when they finally joined their bodies he had realised that thought was pitifully wrong.

The lovemaking had been a revelation.

Instead of recalling the event as a beautiful experience, Edwin remembered it had been fraught with worries. Desdemona was twelve years his junior and, he assumed, expecting him to be competent and worldly. Her responsiveness frightened him and he feared he would not be man enough to meet her ferocious needs. She lay beneath him and was clearly nervous at first. But, after he had thrust inside her, she became an enthusiastic and demanding participant. Wrapping her legs around his back and urging her sex to meet him, she gave herself to the passion with a hunger he hadn't expected. Goading him to climax, she raked her nails against his back and pressed lascivious kisses against his face and chest. Her needs were spat in guttural snatches; hissing for him to fill her; begging for him to use her; urging him to ride faster and harder. She used words he had never expected to come from such sweet and innocent lips. *'Fuck my cunt, you bastard! Fill me with your cock. Fuck me hard, Eddie. Fuck me deep. Make me come!'* When she wasn't growling obscenities, Desdemona used her mouth to bite and suck at his shoulders and chest. He had thought her needs were more than he would ever be able to meet. And, on top of that thought, he wondered how long it would be before she took

a lover to provide the physical satisfaction her body required.

As that question came into his mind, Edwin ejaculated.

The memory of that humiliation made him painfully hard.

He pressed a hand against the fresh discomfort in his pyjama bottoms and drained the last dregs of his second scotch. Deciding to finish the bottle, he poured himself a third glass and tried to work out where his thoughts were going and why he was torturing himself with this excursion to a seamy avenue off memory lane.

Admittedly, on those occasions when he and Desdemona made love, she still displayed a voracious sexual appetite. It was easy to assume that, because she had always been so responsive for him, she would be that way for any other man. He knew it was wrong to decide she would be unfaithful simply because she had a healthy appreciation of sex. But he couldn't accept that she would remain true to him when he wasn't able to leave her spent and truly sated.

His arm slipped from the breakfast bar. The base of his whisky glass slammed loudly against the counter. 'Crazy,' he muttered. The word echoed hollowly from the kitchen tiles. It was slurred by the remainder of the third scotch. Forcing himself not to talk out loud, sure the verdict of craziness could only be confirmed if he compounded his current problems with a solitary conversation, he sighed and decided it was now long past the time to put the obsession behind him. Desdemona had never given him any reason to believe she was unhappy with their marital situation. Admittedly, she became impatient after their Friday night lovemaking. Her conversation became clipped. He had even heard her being cynical. Sarcastic. Callous. But that was understandable. He was leaving her frustrated. All the ideas of her faithlessness had sprang from his suspicions and imagination. It was time to cast aside his paranoia or spoil what they had.

Rinsing his glass before placing it in the dishwasher, then taking the empty scotch bottle to the rubbish bin, he told himself that, if his thoughts continued to accuse his wife of groundless infidelities, he would do the only sensible thing and seek professional help. It was a bold decision but he was ready to acknowledge that his obsession bordered on neurosis. Confident that he might now be able to lift the dark veil of gloom from his day-to-day routine, he opened the lid of the pedal bin and started to place the empty scotch bottle inside. He stayed his hand, remembering the bottle didn't belong with the non-recyclable waste.

The glint of something shiny made him glance at the contents of the pedal bin. He was briefly worried something valuable had been inadvertently thrown away. A momentary relief touched him when he recognised the shine came from a torn wrapper: a foil interior to keep the contents fresh. That relief was banished when he saw it was the wrapper from a condom.